

A Fawcett Publication

LASH LARUE

WESTERN

FEB.

10¢

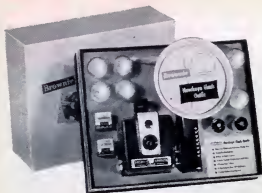
NO. 25



IN THIS
ISSUE:

**THE OUTLAW
HAVEN**





Brownie Hawkeye Flash Outfit. Here you get the Brownie Hawkeye Camera, (flash model with shutter that sets off the flash), film, flash bulbs, batteries, flashholder and instruction booklets. It's all set to go—just load, aim and shoot. \$13.75 complete.

Brownie Hawkeye Camera, flash model, alone \$7.45 (Flashholder extra, \$3.95).

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The fun goes on—and on—when the gift is a Kodak Camera—especially when it arrives complete with a flash outfit.

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It means you can get them indoors or out—in black-and-white or in full, sparkling color.

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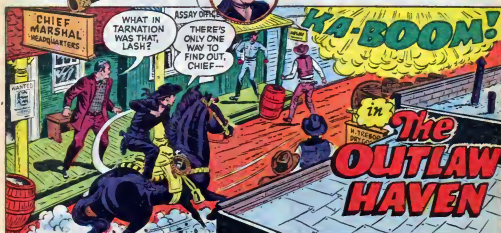
Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President

65

99

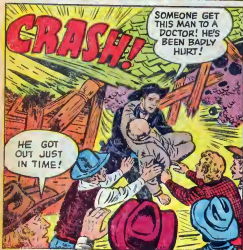
Lash LARUE



AND AS THE FAMOUS ROVING MARSHAL NEARS THE SCENE OF THE EXPLOSION ---



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MEANWHILE, AT A FORK ROAD IN THE HILLS ---

THAT'S RIGHT, BARTON!
I WANT MY SHARE OF THE
BANK LOOT! IF YOU'RE
NOT GOING TO CROSS
THE BORDER WITH
ME, I'LL DO IT
ALONE!

BUT WE'LL BE MUCH SAFER
AT THE OUTLAW HAVEN,
RORREY! THE LAW'S BEEN
TRYING TO FIND KID TILSON,
BUCK WEAVER AND TWO-GUN
HOLLEY FOR OVER A YEAR AND
THEY HAVEN'T - BECAUSE
THOSE MEN ARE HIDING
OUT THERE! IT'S A
PERFECT HIDE-OUT!



I HEARD THAT CRITTER, KURR, WHO
RUNS THE OUTLAW HAVEN, DEMANDS
HALF YORE LOOT FOR HIDING YUH
OUT! I'M NOT CUTTING ANYONE
IN ON THIS HAUL!

JUST AS
YUH LIKE,
RORREY!
HYA'S YORE
SHARE!



SO LONG,
BARTON!

GOOD LUCK,
RORREY!



LATER ---

IF THEY
HEADED FOR THE BORDER,
THEY HAD TO TAKE THE
TRAIL BELOW! THIS SHORT
CUT WE TOOK SHOULD MAKE
UP FOR THE START THEY
HAD ON US!



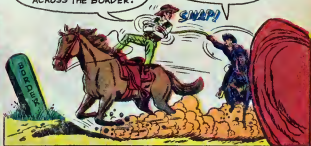
THAT MUST BE ONE OF THEM
NOW! BUT HE'S PRACTICALLY
ACROSS THE BORDER LINE! I'LL
NEVER REACH HIM
IN TIME!

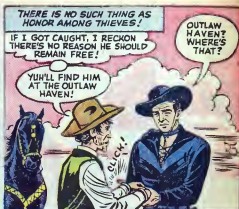
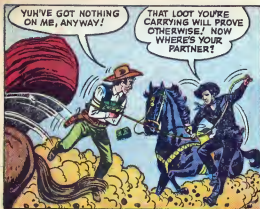
AND ONCE AGAIN THE KING OF THE BULLWHIP
JUSTIFIES HIS TITLE!

HEY! WHAT'S THE BIG
IDEA? YUH HAVE NO RIGHT
TO STOP ME! I WAS
ACROSS THE BORDER!

YOU MEAN YOU WERE
ABOUT TO CROSS
THE BORDER!

THIS
BULLWHIP'S
MY ONLY
CHANCE!





AFTER RORREY EXPLAINS...

SO THAT'S WHY WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO FIND A SINGLE TRACE OF THOSE BANDITS, KID TILSON, BUCK WEAVER AND TWO-GUN HOLLEY! AS SOON AS I SEE YOU SAFELY LOCKED UP, I'M HEADING FOR KURR'S OUTLAW HAVEN!



AT THE JAILHOUSE ...

DO YOU WANT ME TO RETURN THE MONEY TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE BANK?

NOT YET, SHERIFF!



WHATEVER YUH SAY, LASH! BUT NOW THAT YOU'VE GOT IT BACK, YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR IT, SO YU'D BETTER BE CAREFUL WITH IT!

DON'T WORRY! I MAY HAVE TO USE THIS MONEY TO GET INTO THE OUTLAW HAVEN!



LATER, AT THE OUTLAW HAVEN ---

UNLESS RORREY WAS LYING TO ME, THIS IS THE PLACE! BUT IT LOOKS QUIET TO BE BOARDING SO MANY OUTLAWS! I DON'T SEE A SIGN OF LIFE AROUND!



MAYBE I CAN DO SOME INVESTIGATING BEFORE I LOOK UP MR. KURR!

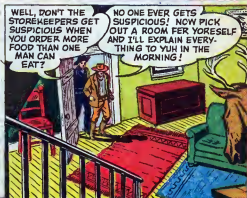


BUT AS LASH CLIMBS OVER ---

WHERE DO YUH THINK YO'RE GOING?

I WAS EXPECTING THIS! GOOD THING I BROUGHT THIS MONEY ALONG! NOW I'LL NEED IT!





AS NIGHT FALLS —

MY HUNCH IS THAT KUKR MURDERS ALL THE OUTLAWS WHO COME UP HERE TO HIDE! IN THAT WAY HE NOT ONLY CAN KEEP ALL THEIR LOOT, BUT THERE'S NO CHANCE OF ANYONE SEEING STRANGERS AROUND AND CASTING SUSPICION ON HIM!



BESIDES, IT WOULD ALSO EXPLAIN WHY THE LAW HASN'T BEEN ABLE TO FIND A TRACE OF KID TILSON, BUCK WEAVER, OR TWO-GUN HOLLEY IN OVER A YEAR!



IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, THE OUTLAWS MUST BE BURIED CLOSE BY HERE! I DON'T EXPECT TO FIND ANY REAL GRAVES, BUT I SHOULD FIND SOME FRESHLY DUG EARTH WHERE BARTON WOULD HAVE BEEN BURIED JUST A SHORT WHILE AGO!



BUT AFTER A THOROUGH SEARCH —

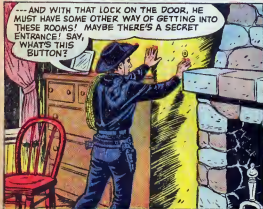
NOT A TRACE OF ANY FRESHLY DUG EARTH OR GRAVE!



WAIT A SECOND! THAT LOCK ON THE DOOR JUST GAVE ME AN IDEA! IF HURR DID KILL THOSE VARMINTS, HE PROBABLY DID IT WHILE THEY WERE ASLEEP —



— AND WITH THAT LOCK ON THE DOOR, HE MUST HAVE SOME OTHER WAY OF GETTING INTO THESE ROOMS! MAYBE THERE'S A SECRET ENTRANCE! SAY, WHAT'S THIS BUTTON?



I WAS RIGHT! NOW TO HAVE A LOOK DOWNSTAIRS!







LASH CLEARS THE OUTLAW TRAILS FOR ACTION AND ADVENTURE!

LASH LARUE
WESTERN

WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSDEALER'S 10¢

WONDER WHAT'S ON TOP? WE'RE NO PIKERS. LET'S HAVE A PEEK! LET'S GO!

WHEW! THIS IS HARD WORK! WONDER HOW MUCH FARTHER WE HAVE TO GO? HOW HIGH IS UP?!

WISH I'D BROUGHT SOME DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM TO CHEW - NO CHANCE TO GET ANY NOW 'TIL WE GET DOWN! WE'RE ALMOST THERE - YIPPEE!

HERE YARE, FOLKS! GET YER DUBBLE BUBBLE RIGHT HERE! NO NEED TO WAIT TO GET DOWN! PUD! WOW! FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE TO CHEW! IT WAS WORTH THE CLIMB!

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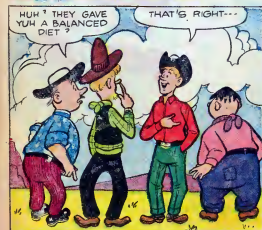
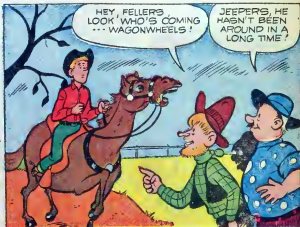
Indicate wrist size for BRACELET: LARGE ☐ REGULAR ☐ INSIGNIA CHOICE: ARMY ☐ NAVY ☐ AIR FORCE ☐ MARINE CORPS ☐

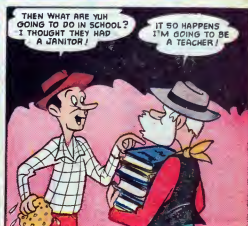
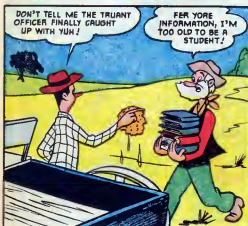
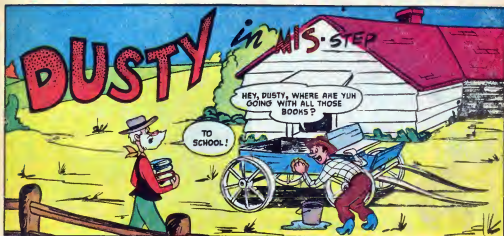
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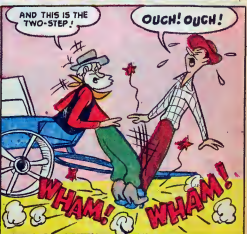
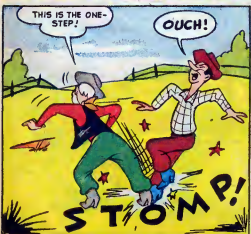
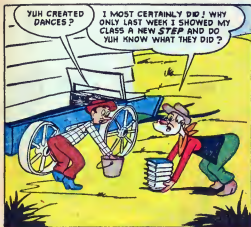
AND THE BEST-TASTING COUGH DROPS, TOO!

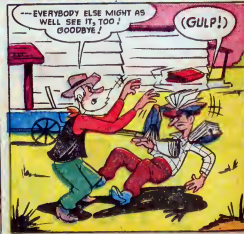
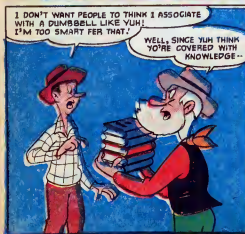
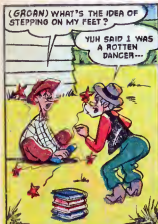
SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS







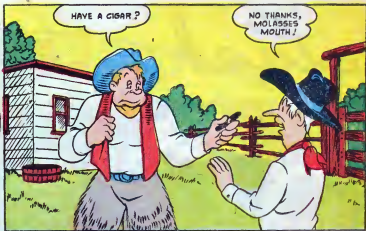




MOLASSES MOUTH



**LIGHT
HEADED!**



Lash LARUE



OUR STORY STARTS IN DOVER VALLEY!

LASH LARUE!
WHAT BRINGS
YUH TO DOVER
VALLEY?

I WAS JUST RIDING THROUGH ON
MY WAY BACK TO THE CHIEF
MARSHAL'S OFFICE, SHERIFF!



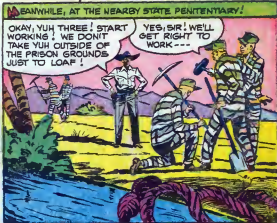
IN THAT CASE, LASH, MAYBE YUH HAVE TIME
TO ATTEND OUR TOWN COSTUME PARTY THIS
AFTERNOON AT THE TOWN MALL?

I'D HAVE THE TIME, BUT I'M
AFRAID I WOULDN'T BE ABLE
TO GET A COSTUME THIS LATE!





I THINK I CAN HELP YOU WITH THAT PROBLEM, LASH! COME INSIDE THE JAILHOUSE!



MEANWHILE, AT THE NEARBY STATE PENITENTIARY!
OKAY, YUH THREE! START WORKING! WE DON'T TAKE YUH OUTSIDE OF THE PRISON GROUNDS JUST TO LOAF!

YES, SIR! WE'LL GET RIGHT TO WORK---

BUT AS THE GUARD MOMENTARILY TURNS --



CRACK!

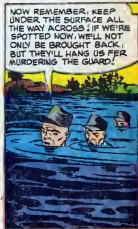
ON MY PLAN TO ESCAPE! I'VE BEEN WAITING FER THE DAY WE WOULD BE ASSIGNED TO A DIFFERENT PART OF THE ROAD THAN THE REST OF THE GANG!



HURRY, GUFF! BREAK THOSE CHAINS ON OUR LEGS.

WE CAN'T DO THAT HERE, PETE! SOMEONE'S LIABLE TO SEE US! WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL WE GET ACROSS THE RIVER!

LET'S GO, GUFF! THE QUICKER, THE BETTER.



NOW REMEMBER, KEEP UNDER THE SURFACE ALL THE WAY ACROSS! IF WE'RE SPOTTED NOW, WE'LL NOT ONLY BE BROUGHT BACK, BUT THEY'LL HANG US FER MURDERING THE GUARD!

SHORTLY AFTER ---



GOOD WORK, KEYES! NOW AT LEAST WE CAN MOVE FAST!

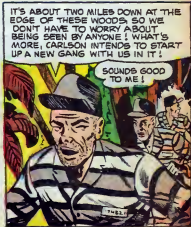
WE WON'T GET FAR IN THESE PRISON UNIFORMS! WE'VE GOT TO GET SOME NEW DUDS RIGHT AWAY!

CLANK!



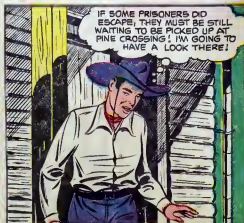
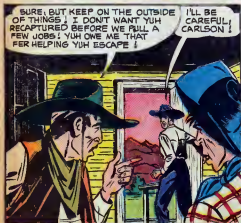
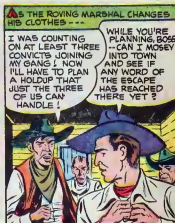
DON'T WORRY, KEYES, EVERYTHING'S ARRANGED! I NOTIFIED A FRIEND OF MINE, CARLSON, IN DOVER VALLEY THAT I PLANNED TO ESCAPE TODAY, AND HE'S ARRANGED TO HAVE ME AND WHOEVER'S WITH ME PICKED UP IN A COVERED WAGON AT THE PINE CROSSING AND BROUGHT SAFELY TO HIS HOUSE!

WHERE'S PINE CROSSING?



IT'S ABOUT TWO MILES DOWN AT THE EDGE OF THESE WOODS, SO WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT BEING SEEN BY ANYONE! WHAT'S MORE, CARLSON INTENDS TO START UP A NEW GANG WITH US IN IT!

SOUNDS GOOD TO ME!



WHILE AT PINE CROSSING ---

WELL, GUFF,
WHAT HAPPENED
TO YORE PAL
CARLSON AND
HIS COVERED
WAGON ?

SOMETHING
MUST HAVE
GONE WRONG!

HURRY ! THE
MASQUERADE
BALL'S STARTED
ALREADY !

HEY ! DID YUH
HEAR THAT ?
A MASQUERADE
BALL ! THIS IS
THE BREAK WE
NEEDED !

WE'LL GO TO THE
MASQUERADE BALL !
EVERYONE
WILL THINK THESE
ARE COSTUMES,
TOO !

YES ! AND
MAYBE WE
CAN FIGURE
OUT SOME
WAY TO GET
DIFFERENT
DUDS BEFORE
THE PARTY'S
OVER !

WHEN LASH REACHES PINE CROSSING ---

I'VE LOOKED ALL AROUND, BUT
THERE'S NO SIGN OF ANY ESCAPED
CONVICTS ! I'D BETTER PICK UP RUSH
AND RIDE OVER TO THE STATE
PENITENTIARY AND SEE IF EVERY-
THING'S IN ORDER ! BUT FIRST,
I'D BETTER STOP OFF AT THE
TOWN HALL AND TELL THE
SHERIFF I WON'T BE ABLE
TO ATTEND THE
MASQUERADE !

WHEN LASH REACHES THE TOWN HALL ---

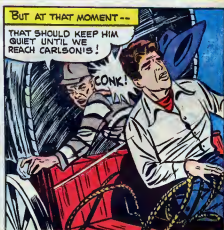
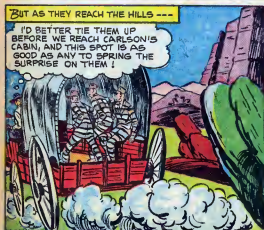
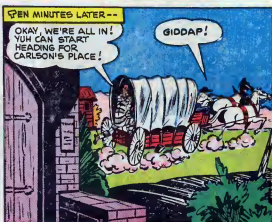
THOSE THREE PRISON
UNIFORMS LOOK
VERY REAL TO ME,
AND SO DO THOSE
BROKEN CHAINS !
I'M GOING TO TAKE
A LONG SHOT !

PSST ! I FIGURED YOU GUYS WOULD
BE SMART ENOUGH TO HIDE OUT IN
HERE ! CARLSON SENT ME TO PICK
YOU UP AT PINE CROSSING, BUT THE
WAGON BROKE DOWN ! IT'S BEING
FIXED NOW !

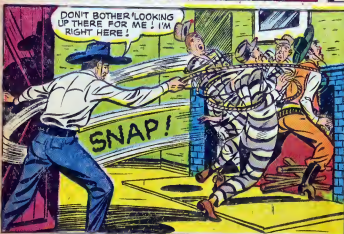
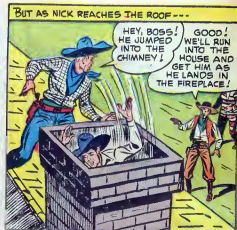
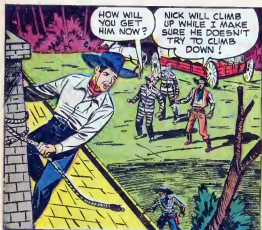
I KNEW
CARLSON
WOULDN'T
DISAPPOINT
ME !

YOU AND YOUR PALS
MEET ME OUT IN
THE BACK IN ABOUT
TEN MINUTES ! I'LL
GO GET THE
WAGON !

FINE ! WE'LL
BE THERE !









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CACTUS BRAIN

MATTER OF OPINION!

WHAT'S THE MATTER,
PARTNER, ARE YUH
LOST?

OF COURSE
NOT!

I'M NOT LOST! I'M HYAR!
ER, ER, BUT---

--MY HOUSE IS LOST!

!!!



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DEADLINE FOR DEATH

By Bob Laughlin

L. C. PRINTER, the burly, gray-haired editor of the *Colt City Courier*, was in one of his raring and stomping moods.

Printer was a pioneer newspaperman—and a great one. His *Courier* was famed throughout Powder River Valley. He had broken more cases than the Sheriff's office and driven more owlhoots out of the Valley than all the posses in Wyoming. The masthead of the *Courier* carried the line, "L. C. Printer, Editor and Publisher." Some claimed that his given name was Lyle Corbett, but oldtimers swore with a twinkle in their eyes that the "L.C." really stood for "Lower Case." In any case, it was never doubted that Printer was a newsman to the core—a fiery one, a fighter for law and order. It was a toss-up around the cow-country as to whether wrongdoers would rather face the hot lead of a deputy or the hot lead in Printer's presses.

But right now things were not all sweetness and light in the *Courier* office. Six weeks before, Printer's ace reporter had fallen victim to the talking irons of Boot St. Claire, a desert rat who was terrorizing Powder River Valley and making a mockery of law enforcement near Colt City. St. Claire and his travelers struck swiftly at the railroad, the stagecoach or whatever their prey—then disappeared into the sanctuary of the hills. And they never left any witnesses—at least no one who was willing to testify against them.

Now St. Claire had brazenly attacked again, in the very outskirts of Colt City. Printer had managed to keep his voice calm long enough to call in tall, black-haired Johnny Rowe, who was now the main reporter for the *Courier*. But no sooner had the good-looking Rowe appeared than Printer leaped up, his arms gesticulating wildly. Now he was really excited.

"Rowe!" he shouted. "When are we going to get action against this St. Claire? Now he is practically coming in through our very back doors, and the Sheriff may as well be on a vacation for all of the results we're getting from the law! I thought I had assigned that story to you! But I don't see any copy. What

happened?"

"I've had a couple of bad breaks on this story, L. C.," replied Rowe, trying to retain his composure in the face of his editor's sudden outburst. "I've ended up on wild-goose chases just when it looked like I was on the track for a good story that might lead to the gang's capture."

"Bad breaks, my eye!" shot back the red-faced publisher. "Ed Johnson was on the track, before he was blasted! At least he was close to a story! If you were half the reporter he was, you'd be hot behind St. Claire, and burning to avenge Johnson!"

Rowe shifted his feet uncomfortably, "Just give me enough time to—"

"Enough time to let St. Claire wipe out another dozen stagecoaches?" interrupted Printer. He waved his finger at the reporter. "Listen, Rowe! The *Courier* runs on deadlines and headlines. And I'm giving you a week—seven days—to get me a headline story on this gang! Every time they strike, we're on the other side of the cactus. Next time, you'd better be around! Don't ask me how! Do it! Now get out of here and don't come back without a story! If you do, you're fired!" Printer whirled and stalked across the room, suddenly quiet. It was obvious that he had said all he was going to say, and his last word was usually final.

There was no alternative for Johnny Rowe but to move. As he strode from the office, he wondered, was he supposed to be a news reporter or a secret marshal? He knew the answer to that. To work for L. C. Printer, you had to be both. Outside, he forked his horse and rode away.

Six days dropped from the calendar, and Johnny Rowe did not reappear in Colt City. Down by the Powder River, Boot St. Claire had swooped down upon a group of Easterners migrating westward and had hijacked another stagecoach. Printer was convinced that Rowe had moved on to other territory, and would never again set foot in Colt City, much less in the *Courier* office.

On the seventh day, just as the paper was

about to go to press, little Willie Krick, who delivered the *Courier*, burst into the publisher's office. That was something he didn't ordinarily do, but he had forgotten himself in his excitement.

"Mr. Printer!" he cried. "Mr. Printer—oh, I'm sorry sir—but it's Johnny, he's comin'!" He ran to the window and pointed down the street.

The veteran newsman was too surprised to reprimand little Willie for breaking in on him. He looked toward the street in time to see his reporter, Johnny Rowe, slowly dismount in front of the shop. He seemed very tired, but he walked to the door with determined steps and pushed his way in to confront the editor. For a moment neither spoke.

"Okay, chief," Johnny Rowe said at last. "I got the story."

It took seconds for Printer to find words.

"Well—great, let's have it!" he cried, snatching up pencil and paper. "Sit down, Rowe," he added. It seemed a labor for Rowe to stand, but he did not sit down. For a moment he stood there, breathing heavily, looking down at Printer through weary eyes.

"I was there, just like you wanted," Rowe began slowly. "And I'm a witness to a murder committed by Boot St. Claire. I'll tell you just how it happened. Exactly."

Printer looked at Rowe sharply. The grim reporter hardly seemed to be himself. But the publisher didn't say a word to interrupt.

"It was about two hours ago, on the North Trail near Toltec Pass," continued Rowe deliberately. "This ranny was riding along, minding his own business, when they struck. St. Claire and four others. Ambushed the poor guy, dragged him off his horse with a lasso. Don't know why, mighty small gain. They took his gun and wallet, but was that enough? Not for those coyotes! They made him walk in front of them for miles, up into the hills."

L. C. Printer was copying it all down, but he wondered if he believed it. He waited. Rowe was silent for almost a full minute. Then:

"They sure must have had it in for that hombre, for some reason. They slapped him around, knocked him down and clubbed his head with a gun butt. And made him get up again."

Willie Krick, who had lingered near the door of the office, stood listening with his mouth hanging open. The *Courier's* typesetter, who was supposed to be getting out the paper in the back of the shop, had crept nearer to hear of the latest deeds of the infamous Boot St. Claire. L. C. Printer's face was framed

with a deep frown now, and he had stopped copying Johnny Rowe's words. But Johnny gazed ahead over Printer's head and kept on:

"St. Claire made this feller walk out into a clump of bushes alongside the path. Then without warning he pumped three shots into the poor critter, for no good reason at all. The man never had a chance. He fell and they tossed his six-gun on top of him, and left him there. Then they all laughed and started to ride away."

L. C. Printer rose, and met the gaze of Johnny Rowe. At the same time he drew a gun from the table drawer.

"Nice try, Rowe," he said evenly. "I don't doubt that if we go up into those hills we'll find the body." But—he leveled the gun—"next time you commit a murder just to get a big story for your paper, you'd better do a better job of cleaning the blood off your hands." He motioned toward the wrists of the reporter, where dull red stains showed beneath his sleeves.

"Very strange," smiled the great editor, "that you should have known every little detail of the murder. How could you have been there? A very good job of reporting, Rowe. Too good."

Johnny Rowe had not moved or changed expression.

"Chief, I brought you the story," he said steadily. "You can print it or not. But I didn't commit the murder. You see—" he took a plodding step forward and grasped the table—"I was the hombre who was murdered." And Johnny Rowe collapsed on the floor in front of the stunned group. The compositor bent over him and opened his shirt.

"He's dead, Mr. Printer. Been shot several times."

AT THAT moment Sheriff Wilson burst in the front door.

"Here's a story for you, Printer!" he shouted excitedly. "St. Claire and his men have been slain, all five of 'em! We found 'em strewn all over the trail in the hills above Toltec Pass. And they were shot by the six-gun of your reporter, Rowe. Found it lying there with five shots used up. I recognized it by his initials on the butt and—" he saw the body on the floor. "Say, what goes on here?"

Without looking up from the body of the late Johnny Rowe, publisher Printer said, "He just wrote his last story, Sheriff. He will never get to see it printed, but it sure was a good one. And he made his deadline. Only this was a deadline for death!"

THE END

Lash LARUE

in
GAMBLER'S SHOWDOWN!

IT SURE WAS NICE OF YOU, MAYOR, TO ASK ME TO JUDGE YOUR ANNUAL FESTIVAL RACE!

THE TOWN IS PRIVILEGED TO HAVE YOU AS A JUDGE!

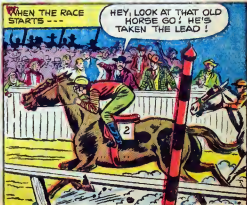
I BET ALL OUR MONEY ON THE UNDERDOG, AND WE CAN'T LOSE BECAUSE I BRIBED THE FAVORITE TO THROW THE RACE, BURKE!

THAT WAS WHEN THIS WAS ONLY A TWO HORSE RACE, SWANSON! WHAT ABOUT THE LAST, MINUTE ENTRY BEING RIDDEN BY KAYSEE?

YUH MEAN THAT BROKEN-DOWN PLUG? HE COULDN'T BEAT A TORTOISE! WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!

WHEN THE RACE STARTS ---

HEY, LOOK AT THAT OLD HORSE GO! HE'S TAKEN THE LEAD!



KAYSEE'S MOUNT NOT ONLY TAKES THE LEAD, HE KEEPS IT!

KAYSEE WON!
WE'RE CLEANED
OUT!

I RECKON THE NEXT TIME WE BET ON A
RACE, WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE SURE OF
EVERY ANGLE!



WHO WOULD EVER
THINK AND OLD
HORSE LIKE THAT
WOULD OUTFRIN
TWO THOROUGH-
BREDS!

FREAK THINGS LIKE
THAT ARE ALWAYS
HAPPENING! NOW I
THINK I'D BETTER BE
ON MY WAY TO THE
CHIEF MARSHAL'S
OFFICE! I HAVE TO
REPORT THERE FIRST,
AND THEN HEAD FOR
CINDERVILLE! I ALSO
PROMISED TO JUDGE
THEIR CARNIVAL HORSE
RACE IN A FEW DAYS!



A FEW DAYS LATER IN
CINDERVILLE!

I'VE NOTICED
YUH TWO HOMBRES WATCHING
ME WORK OUT THIS STALLION!
IF YO'RE AIMING TO MAKE A BET
IN THIS AFTERNOON'S RACE,
THIS IS THE HORSE TO BET ON!
HE CAN'T LOSE!

BUT HE'S GOT
TO LOSE! WE'VE BET
OUR MONEY ON A
HORSE THAT PAYS
BETTER ODDS!



THEN ALL I
CAN SAY IS
YO'RE GOING
TO LOSE
YO'RE DOUGH!

WE'RE HYAR TO
MAKE SURE WE
DON'T! HOW
MUCH DO YUH
WANT TO THROW
THE RACE?



LOOK HYAR, YUH TIN-HORN
GAMBLERS, I DON'T
ACCEPT BRIBES! I'M
RIDING TO WIN!

IN THAT
CASE--



--I RECKON YUH
WON'T RIDE YUH
TODAY! QUICK,
SINANSON, GET
A SACK WE CAN
TOSS HIM INTO!

OKAY, BURKE!
THEN WE CAN TOSS
HIM OVER THE
CLIFF AND THAT
SHOULD END
OUR WORRIES!



BUT AS THEY LEAVE WITH THE SACK--

HEY, BURKE, LOOK
WHO'S HYAR TO
ENTER THE RACE?
IT'S THAT CREEP,
KAYSEE, WITH THE
OLD HORSE THAT
COST US ALL OUR
MONEY AT THE
LAST RACE!

I RECKON
WE'LL HAVE
TO TAKE CARE
OF HIM AS
SOON AS WE
FINISH THIS
JOB!



SHORTLY AFTER--

THERE'S NO
ONE AROUND!

NOW WE CAN
GET RID OF
THIS HONEST
JOCKEY!



BUT THE EVIL GAMBLERS DON'T CHECK UP ON THEIR DIRTY WORK AND ---

THAT'S THE END OF HIM!

NOW LET'S FIND KAYSEE AND MAKE SURE HE CAN'T WIN THE RACE EITHER!

AS THE ROVING MARSHAL HEADS FOR CINDERVILLE!

HOLD IT, RUSH! WHERE COULD THAT BE COMING FROM!

HELP!

SOMEONE'S IN THAT SACK!

HELP!

IF I TRIED TO CLIMB DOWN AND REACH IT, THERE'S THE CHANCE I MIGHT DISLODGE IT SO ---

---I'D BETTER TRUST TO MY BULLWHIP!

SNAP!

HELP!
HELP!

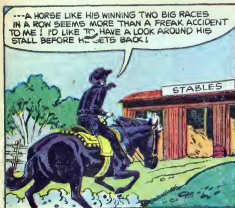
RELAX! I'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF THERE IN A MINUTE!

AND AFTER THE JOCKEY TELLS HIS STORY ---

AS SOON AS WE GET TO TOWN, I'M GOING TO LOCK UP THOSE TWO KILLERS!

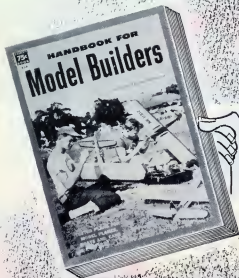
I'M SURE YUH'LL FIND THEM AT THE TROTTER'S HOTEL! THAT'S WHERE ALL THE STRANGERS WHO CAME TO SEE THE BIG RACE ARE STAYING!







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